Me thought all his ſenſes were locke in his eye,
As Iewels in Chriſtall for ſome Prince to buy. (glaſt,
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paſt.
His faces owne margent did quote ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchanted with gazes.
Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, all that is his,
And you giue him for my ſake, but one louing Kiſſe,

Prin. Come to our pauillion, *Boyet* is diſpoſde.

Bro. But to ſpeake that in words, which his eye hath diſcloſ'd.
I onely haue made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Lad.Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and ſpeakeſt skilfully.

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes newes of him.

Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad Wenches?

*Lad.*1. No.

Boy. What then, do you ſee?

*Lad.*2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Braggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble child, make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweet ayre, go tenderneſſe of yeeres: take this Key, giue enlargement to the ſwaine, bring him feſtinately hither: I muſt imploy him in a letter to my Loue.

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra. How meaneſt thou brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat maſter, but to Iigge off a tune at the tongues

tongues end, canarie to it w
ning vp your eye: ſigh a note
the throate: if you ſwallowed
through: noſe as if you ſnuft
hat penthouſe-like ore the ſ
croſt on your thinbellie doub
hands in your pocket, like a
keepe not too long in one tun
complements, theſe are hun
that would be betrayed witho
note: do you note men that m

Brag. How haſt thou purc

Boy. By my pen of obſeru

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horſe is

Bra. Cal'ſt thou my loue H

Boy. No Maſter the Hob
Loue perhaps a Hacknie:
But haue you forgot your Lou

Brag. Almoſt I had.

Boy. Negligent ſtudent, lea

Brag. By heart, and in he

Boy. And out of heart Maſ

Brag. What wilt thou prou

Boy. A man, if I liue (and
the inſtant: by heart you lo
come by her: in heart you loue
with her: and out of heart yo
you cannot enioy her.

Brag. I am all theſe three.

Boy. And three times as m

Boy. Fetch hither the Swai

Boy. A meſſage well ſympa
for an Aſſe.

Brag. Ha, ha, What ſaiſt th

Boy. Marrie ſir, you muſt
he is verie ſlow gated: but I g

Brag. The way is but ſhort,

Boy. As ſwift as lead ſir.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCO